THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, July 27, 1801.

Anecdotes of the late Mr. Ward, a General in the French Service.

THIS man was an Iriſh ſtudent, and, when a youth, of the greateſt promiſe. He was a native of Dublin, and the ſon of a reſpectable woollen-draper in that city. Extravagant and thoughtleſs in the early part of his life, and ſtrongly attached to gaming and other pernicious habits, he ſoon found it convenient to change the ſcene of his follies from the metropolis of Ireland to that of ſome other kingdom.

Whatever may have been his other failings, a want of courage and a due ſpirit of enterpriſe were not among them. Theſe qualities he poſſeſſed in an eminent degree. The bent of his mind, thus co-operating with his neceſſities, carried him to Vienna, where he found means to obtain a commiſſion in the Imperial ſervice. Gaming was, however, as prevalent in Germany as in Ireland; and the conſequences of it are almoſt invariably the ſame in all parts of the globe. But a ſhort period of time had elapſed, ere Mr. Ward made a precipitate retreat from Germany, and took refuge in London. The following anecdote will, perhaps, ſuffice to recal him to the reader's recollection.

In the year 1790 or 1791, the late Colonel Harvey Aſton had a diſpute with a gentleman at Ranelagh, which terminated in a boxing-match, in which the colonel had ſo much the ſuperiority over his antagoniſt, as to confine him to his room for the ſpace of a fortnight. This gentleman, whoſe name was Fitzgerald, and who formerly belonged to the Iriſh brigade in France, as ſoon as he could venture abroad, commiſſioned Mr. Ward to wait on the colonel, who naturally, on receiving the meſſage, expreſſed his ſurpriſe that the affair ſhould have lain ſo long dormant, obſerving, that in his opinion, the ſooner circumſtances

of that nature were diſcuſſed, the better would it be for either party. "Very true, Sir," replied Mr. Ward—"very true—but when you ſee Mr. Fitzgerald, you will probably wonder that he calls on you ſo early; as the beating you did him the honour to give him, has ſo diſfigured the poor gentleman, that even now he is not fit to be ſeen abroad." The reſult of this buſineſs is well known: Colonel Aſton received a ball through the ſide of his neck, which only occaſioned him to make uſe of an additional quantity of wadding in his cravat. In a duel with a man of ſuch notoriety as Harvey Aſton, the public were, of courſe, curious to learn ſomething of his adverſaries. Captain Fitzgerald was indeed well known, as having been an officer in the French ſervice, but few perſons could give any account of his ſecond. They ſhould have enquired at ſome of the bagnios and gambling houſes in London; there the name of Tom Ward was as current as the coin of the kingdom.

It was ſoon after the achievement of this exploit he went over to Paris; at the period when Dumouriez, after the Duke of Brunſwick had evacuated the territory of France, was preparing to take upon himſelf the command of the frontier army. Mr. Ward having procured a letter of introduction to the general, put on the full-dreſs uniform of an imperial officer, wiſely conjecturing that Dumouriez would probably pay more attention to him in a military dreſs, than that of a private gentleman. The event anſwered his expectation; he was directed by the general to ſtrip himſelf of his German regimentals, and to procure thoſe of a French aid-du-camp, in which capacity he meant to employ him at the army.

At the ſeveral actions of Jemappe and Nerwinde, Mr. Ward greatly diſtinguiſhed himſelf, and for his conduct at the latter place was raiſed to the rank of brigadier-general. Here, however, his good fortune abandoned him. In the next engagement with the enemy, he was ſo ſeverely wounded that he could no longer keep the field, and after having been laid up for a conſiderable length of time, retired to Bagnieres in the ſouth of France, for the final re-eſtabliſhment of his health. Scarcely had he attained a ſtate of convaleſcence, before he ſet out for Paris, and arrived there at the unfortunate period when the decree was in force againſt the Engliſh. He might probably have eſcaped incarceration, had he not unguardedly written to the Committee of General Safety, for payment of arrears, and indemnification for ſome horſes which he had left at the army. Inſtead of receiving his arrears, he was arreſted and carried to the Abbaye, from thence he was transferred to the Carmelites, and from that priſon to the guillotine. His ſervant, who had attended his maſter with the greateſt courage and fidelity through every danger and difficulty, periſhed with him.

THE

THE LITTLE CAPTAIN;

A REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF VALOUR AND GENEROSITY.

(Concluded from Page 44.)

CHEVALIER LANGERON, ſeeing himſelf reduced to this ſad extremity, and a great part of his crew either killed or wounded, was the only one on board who had courage enough to wave the flag of diſtreſs by which he called the other galleys of the ſquadron to his aid.

The galley which had laid aſtern was ſoon up with us, and the other four, who had almoſt taken poſſeſſion of the merchant-men, upon ſeeing our ſignal, and perceiving our diſtreſs, quitted the intended prey to come to our aſſiſtance. Thus the whole fleet of merchant ſhips ſaved themſelves in the Thames. The galleys rowed with ſuch ſwiftneſs, that in leſs than half an hour the whole ſix had encompaſſed the frigate. Her men were now no longer able to keep the deck, and ſhe preſented a favourable opportunity for being boarded. Twenty-five grenadiers from each galley were ordered upon this ſervice. They met with no oppoſition on coming on, but ſcarce were they crowded upon the deck, when they once again were ſaluted *a l'Anglois*. The officers of the frigate were intrenched in the forecaſtle, and fired upon the grenadiers inceſſantly. The reſt of the crew alſo did what execution they were able through the gratings, and at laſt cleared the ſhip of the enemy. Another detachment was ordered to board, but with the ſame ſucceſs; however, it was at laſt thought adviſeable with hatchets and other proper inſtruments to lay open her decks, and by that means make the crew priſoners of war. This was, though with extreme difficulty, executed, and in ſpite of their firing, which killed ſeveral of the aſſailants, the frigate's crew were at laſt conſtrained to ſurrender. The officers were ſtill poſſeſſed of the forecaſtle, and kept up as briſk a fire as before. They were now to be forced in like manner, which was not effected without loſs. Thus were all the ſhip's company made priſoners, except the captain. He took refuge in the cabin, where he fired at us with the utmoſt obſtinacy, ſwearing that he would ſpill the laſt drop of blood, before he would ſee the inſide of a French priſon. The reſt of the Engliſh officers, who had by this time been conducted on board us, deſcribed their captain as a man perfectly fool-hardy, as one determined to blow the frigate into the air rather than ſtrike; and painted his reſolution in ſuch ſtriking colours, that even the conquerors trembled. Every perſon now expected to ſee the frigate blown up, while they themſelves muſt ſhare the danger of ſo terrible a neighbourhood. The way to the powder-room led through the cabin, and that the Engliſh captain was ſtill poſ-

ſeſſed of; and were the frigate blown up, it muſt have been attended with the moſt fatal effects to the ſix galleys. In this extremity, it was concluded to ſummon the captain in the moſt gentle terms, and to promiſe him the kindeſt treatment upon ſurrendering. He only anſwered all this by firing as faſt as he could.

At length the laſt remedy was to be put in execution, to take him dead or alive. For this purpoſe, a ſerjeant and twelve grenadiers got orders, with bayonets fixed, to break open his door, and kill him if he refuſed to ſurrender. The ſerjeant at the head of his detachment would have ſoon burſt the door, but the captain, who expected all this, with his loaded piſtol ſhot him through the head. The grenadiers, apprehenſive of the ſame fate, quickly betook themſelves to flight; nor was it in the power of any of the officers to prevail on them once more to renew the engagement, though ſeemingly ſo unequal. They alledged in their vindication, that as they could advance into the room but one abreaſt, the captain would kill them all one after the other. Again recourſe was had to gentle methods, and entreaty was uſed, which had at laſt the deſired ſucceſs.

All this ſeeming reſolution, this conduct, which appeared rather the effect of inſenſibility than prudence, was artfully aſſumed, only to prolong the engagement till the merchant fleet were in ſafety, which, when the Engliſh captain perceived from his cabin window, he then began to liſten to reaſon; yet ſtill, to prolong the time as much as lay in his power, he pretended another obſtacle to his ſurrendering; he alledged it as beneath him to deliver up his ſword to any but the commodore, and deſired that he would come down and receive it; adding, that brave men ſhould only be the priſoners of each other. Accordingly a truce was agreed on till his demand ſhould be reported to the commodore, who ſent word back by his ſecond lieutenant, that a commander ſhould never quit his poſt or his ſhip. At laſt the captain gave up his ſword without farther parley, like a real Engliſhman, deſpiſing ceremony when ceremony could be no longer uſeful. He was now brought before our commodore, who could not help teſtifying ſome ſurpriſe at the minute figure which had thus made ſuch a mighty uproar.

He was hump-backed, pale-faced, and as much deformed in perſon as beautiful in mind. Our commodore complimented him on his bravery; adding, that his preſent captivity was but the fortune of war; the loſs of his ſhip the ſafety of the fleet intruſted to his care, and that he ſhould have no reaſon to regret his being a priſoner; ſince, by the treatment he ſhould receive, his bondage would be merely nominal. "I feel no regret," replied the little captain, "my duty called me to defend my charge, though at the loſs of my veſſel. In what light my ſervices

may

may be repreſented to my country, I know nor care not. I might, perhaps, have had more honour among them by ſaving her Majeſty's ſhip by flight, and I ſhould certainly have more profit, as I ſhould ſtill be continued in command; but this conſolation remains, that I have ſerved England faithfully, nor can I feel any private loſs by an action which enriches the public, and ſerves to make my country more happy. Your kind treatment of me may not perhaps be without its reward; though I ſhould never have the opportunity, you will find ſome of my countrymen who have gratitude; and that fortune which now puts me into your power, may one day put you into their's."

The noble boldneſs with which he expreſſed himſelf charmed the commodore; he returned him his ſword, adding, very politely, "Take, Sir, a weapon no man deſerves better to wear; forget that you are my priſoner; but remember I expect you for my friend." There was ſoon, however, ſome reaſon to repent of this indulgence, as the conſequences of giving him back his ſword had like to have been fatal. The captain being introduced into the cabin of the galley, beheld there Smith the traitor, and inſtantly knew him. England had ſet a price upon this wretch's head of one thouſand pounds, ſo that he regarded every thing that was Engliſh with the utmoſt deteſtation. Theſe two could not long behold each other, without feeling thoſe emotions which a contraſt between the greateſt virtue and vice occaſions; and the little captain was all on fire to take vengeance for his country on its betrayer. "Perfidious man!" ſaid he, drawing his ſword, "ſince the hand of juſtice cannot give you the death you merit, take it from mine." And at the ſame time he run againſt him, reſolved to plunge his ſword into his breaſt; fortunately for both, the commodore was near enough to prevent the raſhneſs of his conduct, by taking the aſſailant in his arms, and ſtopped the meditated blow, to the great regret of the captain, who vowed he had been better pleaſed with ſuch an action than to have taken the ſix galleys. Captain Smith repreſented it to the commodore as highly unfit that the priſoner ſhould be in the ſame galley with him, and begged to remove him to another, which the commodore refuſed; alledging, that as he was his priſoner, he muſt remain where he was, but that Captain Smith had his choice of any of the other five galleys for his reſidence.

MEMOIRS *of* VALENTINE MORRIS.

[From Coxe's Hiſtorical Tour in Monmouthſhire.]

DURING my ſucceſſive tours, I paid repeated viſits to Piercefield, which, ſince the improvements of Valentine Morris, has become the ornament of the county.

Piercefield

Piercefield was long the property of the family of Walters: a curious ſtone chimney-piece, ſtill preſerved in the ſervants' hall, with the date of 1553, is ornamented with a ſhield of arms, of which the firſt quartering, a ſquirrel ſejant, is the bearing of the family. In 1727, John Walters ſold the place to Thomas Rous, Eſq. of Wooton Underedge, Glouceſterſhire; from whoſe ſon it was purchaſed in 1736, by Colonel Valentine Morris, who ſerved for ſome time in a military line in the iſland of St. Vincent's. He came to Piercefield in 1739, made additions to the old manſion, which was little better than a farm-houſe, and reſided there till his death.

His ſon Valentine Morris was born in 1727, and at an early period inherited conſiderable property, principally ſituate in the iſland of Antigua. About 1752, he eſpouſed Miſs Mary Mordaunt, niece of Lord Peterborough, a lady of great beauty and accompliſhments, but without fortune, and fixed his reſidence at Piercefield.

Before this period Piercefield was unknown and unfrequented; the charms of the ſituation were not duly appreciated, and the grounds ſolely employed for the purpoſes of agriculture, or covered with inacceſſible foreſts. Morris was enraptured with the romantic beauties of the ſcenery, carried walks through the foreſts, opened the fineſt points of view, and with exquiſite taſte adapted his improvements to the genius of the place, leaving

" The negligence of nature, wide and wild."

THOMSON.

He lived in a ſtyle of princely rather than private magnificence, and treated thoſe whom curioſity drew to the ſcenes of Piercefield, with a liberal but oſtentatious profuſion: ſervants out of livery conſtantly attended without being permitted to receive any gratuity; collations were indiſcriminately offered to the numerous viſitors; and even his hot-houſe, cellar, and larder, were open to the inn-keeper of Chepſtow for the accommodation of travellers.

After a reſidence of ſeveral years, his circumſtances became involved, and he was compelled to offer Piercefield for ſale. This embarraſſment is generally imputed to the expences of a conteſted election in 1771, for the county of Monmouth, with John Morgan, Eſq. of Tredegar; but the real cauſes were derived from a variety of circumſtances; an expenſive ſtyle of living, numerous benefactions, imprudent management of his Weſt India eſtates, a ſucceſſion of unfavourable ſeaſons in the iſland of Antigua, inattention to his accounts, but, above all, an unfortunate propenſity to gaming. Being diſappointed in finding a purchaſer for Piercefield, he contracted his expences into a narrower ſcale; but it was too late, and his embarraſſments

increaſing, he was compelled to retire to his Weſt India poſſeſſions.

Before his final departure from England, he indulged himſelf with bidding adieu to Piercefield. In company with a friend, he ſurveyed his own creation, for the laſt time, with apparent compoſure and manly reſignation. On his return to Chepſtow he was ſurrounded by the poor, who throwing themſelves on their knees, thanked him for numerous inſtances of his bounty, and implored the bleſſing of Heaven on their generous benefactor. Even this affecting ſpectacle he bore with ſilent fortitude, and entered the chaiſe which conveyed him to London. But he had no ſooner reached the Glouceſterſhire ſide of the bridge, than his ear was ſtruck with a mournful peal of bells, muffled, as is uſual on the loſs of departed friends: deeply affected with this mark of eſteem and regret, he could no longer controul his emotions, and burſt into tears*.

On his return to the Weſt Indies, he was appointed lieutenant-governor of St. Vincents, and diſtinguiſhed himſelf with ſo much zeal and activity in promoting the cultivation of the iſland, where he almoſt raiſed another Piercefield, that he was ſoon after nominated governor in chief. In this ſituation he conſiderably improved his fortune, and had almoſt repaired his loſſes, when the iſland, for the defence of which he advanced conſiderable ſums, was taken by the French. In vain he applied to government for the payment of his expences and arrears; the want of proper vouchers, diſagreement with the natives and officers, the blame incurred from a precipitate capitulation, and a variety of other unfortunate events, protracted the diſcharge of the debt.

Thus circumſtanced, he returned to England for the purpoſe of ſeeking redreſs, but with ſmall hopes of ſucceſs, for he obſerved to a friend that he ſhould paſs the winter in the King's Bench Priſon. This prediction was too well fulfilled: he was arreſted ſoon after his arrival, and underwent a confinement of ſeven years.

During his impriſonment he publiſhed a juſtification of his adminiſtration at St. Vincent's, which does him honour as a governor, a ſoldier, and a patriot; yet, from deaths and frequent change of miniſtry, his accounts were never audited or ſettled, though his demands were great and juſt; for a treaſury warrant for 5000l. dated June 28, 1794, was iſſued to his repreſentatives as part of the balance.

He was reduced to the greateſt diſtreſs; his books and all his moveables were expoſed to ſale; even the gleanings of Mrs. Morris's toilet were ſold to purchaſe bread; and his friend Mr. Thickneſſe, who ſhared his confinement, ſhared with him the ſcanty pittance which he poſſeſſed to ſupply his neceſſities.

His

* For this intereſting anecdote I am indebted to Mr. Jennings.

His calamities were aggravated by the ſituation of his amiable wife, who ſunk under this load of diſtreſs, and became inſane.

At length, in 1786, he obtained his liberty, and Lord North, compaſſionating his diſtreſs, expreſſed an inclination to redeem the injuſtice of former adminiſtrations, and to liquidate his arrears. But public buſineſs and new delays interpoſing, protracted the ſettlement of his affairs. In the midſt of theſe diſappointments, he died at the houſe of his brother-in-law, Mr. Wilmot, in Bloomſbury-ſquare, on the 26th of Auguſt, 1789.

During his reſidence at Piercefield, Valentine Morris diſtinguiſhed himſelf by many acts of public utility, and his name is ſtill endeared to the country for promoting the turnpike bill, the ſucceſs of which was principally owing to his exertions.

The inhabitants of Chepſtow idolize his memory, and relate numerous inſtances of his benevolence with a warmth of affection which borders on enthuſiaſm; among others, one which does honour to his feelings, ſhould not be omitted.

Holding one day a converſation with Mr. Knowles, whom he employed in building the alcove, and from whom I received the anecdote, he made enquiries concerning the family of Walters, and aſked if any of them were yet living. Knowles replied, that William, the brother of John, who ſold the eſtate, was ſtill alive, and in great diſtreſs. "Bring him to Piercefield," ſaid Morris, "and I will make him welcome."—"If you would give him your whole eſtate he could not walk, he is ſo much afflicted with the gout in his feet, and earns a precarious livelihood by fiſhing."—"If he cannot then come to me, I will take the firſt opportunity of calling on him."

Being ſome time afterward engaged with Knowles in forming an opening in the wood, he ſaw two men in a boat; "Stay here," he ſaid to Knowles, "I will croſs the river in that boat, and examine whether the objects I want to ſhow can be ſeen from hence." Deſcending haſtily, he hailed the watermen, leaped into the boat, was ferried over, and on his return entered into converſation with the men, and inquired their names and condition. "My name," ſaid one of them, "is ****, I am a native of Chepſtow; and that man," pointing to his companion, "is William Walters!"—"What, Walters of Piercefield?" exclaimed Morris. "Yes, pleaſe your honour, I am the brother of John, who ſold the eſtate you now enjoy." Morris made no reply; but giving a gratuity to each of the men, leaped on ſhore, rapidly aſcended the hill, and rejoining Knowles, cried, "I have been talking with Walters;" taking out ſeveral guineas, he added, "Carry theſe to him, and tell him that he ſhall never want while it is in my power to aſſiſt him." Knowles ſuggeſted, that as the man was much addicted to liquor, he would render him more ſervice by a weekly allowance. The next market day, one of Morris's ſervants carried to Walters a joint of meat, and a ſmall ſum of

money, which were continued weekly until his death. Morris defrayed the expences of his funeral, and his carriage conveyed the corpſe to St. Arvan's, where it was interred in the family vault.

In 1784, Piercefield was bought by George Smith, Eſq. of Burnhall, in the county of Durham, and in 1794, by the preſent proprietor, Colonel Wood, formerly chief engineer of Bengal, and member of parliament for Newark. Colonel Wood has increaſed the property by different purchaſes in the vicinity, particularly part of the peninſula of Lancaut; the whole, conſiſting of not leſs than three thouſand acres, of which a conſiderable portion is woodland: the timber alone on the eſtate of Piercefield was eſtimated at 8000l, He has likewiſe conſiderably improved the place, and reſtored many of the walks, which were choked with underwood, to their former beauty under Valentine Morris.

PORTRAIT *of* BONAPARTE.

By MERCIER.

BONAPARTE is of the middle ſize, a little ſtooping, thin, of ſomewhat a delicate frame, and nervous; his hair is of a deep chęſnut, falling over a large forehead, his eyes are large, dark, quick, and piercing, aquiline noſe, a raiſed chin, like that of the Apollo Belvidere, pale complexion, hollow cheeks, a voice unreſtrained and compoſed; he liſtens attentively to thoſe who ſpeak to him, and anſwers briefly; his air is ſolemn but open; he has not the auſterity which characteriſes the head of Brutus: You may judge from his addreſs that he is a temperate mediative man, but tenacious in the point which he has in view; that his pale complexion reddens in a deciſive action: that his body is all nerve like that of the lion; that he fights in the ſame way; that he is indefatigable, and flies like lightning towards the enemy, before whom he never knew fear; this fire is concentered, he reſerves it for great and ſtrong exploſions, and it does not imprint on his motions that reſtleſſneſs, natural to men who are only ardent, and who have not the faculty of ſelf poſſeſſion.

State of the Population of England and Wales.

THE following is an abſtract of the anſwers and returns made purſuant to an act paſſed in the 41ſt year of his Majeſty King George the Third, in ſo far as ſuch anſwers and returns have been tranſmitted to his Majeſty's Principal Secretary of

State for the Home Department, up to the 26th day of June, 1801:—

ENGLAND.

Counties' Names.	*Inhabited Houses.*	*Males.*	*Females.*	*Total of Persons*
Bedford	11,888	30,523	32,870	63,393
Berks	19,586	50,577	53,671	104,248
Buckingham				
Cambridge	14,193	39,604	40,508	80,112
Cheſter	34,169	91,948	98,138	190,086
Cornwall	32,204	87,933	96,064	183,997
Cumberland	23,199	58,743	68,233	126,976
Derby	31,822	79,401	81,746	161,147
Devon	57,955	157,331	185,756	342,987
Dorſet	21,137	52,949	60,785	113,737
Durham	27,447	75,449	86,217	161,666
Eſſex	38,407	111,465	115,173	226,638
Glouceſter	41,951	106,486	121,869	228,355
Hereford	15,143	39,099	40,144	79,243
Hertford	17,531	47,650	49,120	96,770
Huntingdon	6,814	18,465	18,984	37,449
Kent	41,617	145,787	151,438	297,225
Lancaſter	101,723	283,246	305,465	588,711
Leiceſter	25,992	63,943	66,138	130,081
Lincoln	39,310	97,242	100,279	197,521
Middleſex	112,755	373,327	444,383	817,710
Monmouth				
Norfolk	47,699	129,965	143,664	273,629
Northampton	26,585	63,276	68,154	131,430
Northumberland	27,578	76,223	87,245	163,468
Nottingham	25,256	65,508	68,219	133,727
Oxford	20,015	53,748	55,937	109,721
Rutland	3,266	7,950	8,350	16,300
Salop	28,442	74,625	77,315	151,940
Somerſet	33,984	88,454	101,769	190,223
Southampton				
Stafford	46,002	120,408	124,443	244,851
Suffolk	31,659	99,627	107,521	207,148
Surry	45,535	126,152	141,136	267,288
Suſſex				
Warwick	40,258	98,315	106,336	204,657
Weſtmoreland	8,014	20,573	21,814	42,387
Wilts	29,396	74,382	82,888	157,270
Worceſter	26,309	66,431	71,113	137,544
York, Eaſt Riding	25,701	68,457	70,976	139,453
——, North Riding	31,515	74,904	80,602	155,506
——, Weſt Riding	105,662	263,442	274,474	537,916
	1,326,366	3,580,844	3,911,640	7,492,480

TOTAL OF PERSONS.

Regular forces, fencibles, and militia, on March 10, 1801	186,733
Artillery and engineer forces, ditto	11,618
Seamen and marines in the royal navy, ditto	106,128
Marines at head quarters, ditto	20,151
Seamen employed under the board of cuſtoms, ditto	897
Seamen employed in regiſtered trading veſſels, ditto	143,661
	469,188

GENERAL TOTALS.

	Inhabited Houſes.	*Males.*	*Females.*	*Total of Perſons*
England	1,326,366	3,580,844	3,911,640	7,492,484
Wales	52,978	120,712	135,177	255,889
Army, Navy, &c.		469,188		469,188
	1,379,344	4,170,744	4,046,817	8,217,562

OBSERVATIONS.

Bedford	Complete.
Berks	Complete, except the town of Newbury.
Buckingham	Seventy-three returns wanting. The clerk of the peace has made urgent application to the defaulters.
Cambridge	The entire hundred of Chilford wanting. In all, 14 returns wanting.
Cheſter	Fourteen returns wanting.
Cornwall	Five boroughs, and two other returns wanting.
Cumberland	Probably about 10 returns wanting.
Derby	Complete.
Devon	Complete.
Dorſet	Above 20 returns wanting; but the clerk of the peace is endeavouring to obtain them.
Durham	Complete.
Eſſex	Complete.
Glouceſter	Forty-nine returns wanting.
Hereford	Forty-four returns wanting.
Hertford	Complete.
Huntingdon	Complete.
Kent	Five Cinque Ports and members of the ſame, and 31 other returns wanting.
Lancaſter	Complete.
Leiceſter	Sixteen returns wanting.

Lincoln -	Complete; except Grantham and Soke of the ſame, and Stamford borough; in all 19 returns wanting.
Middleſex -	Complete; except a few inns of court wanting.
Monmouth -	More than half the county wanting.
Norfolk - -	Four pariſhes wanting.
Northampton -	Seven returns wanting.
Northumberland	Probably complete.
Nottingham -	Complete.
Oxford - -	Probably complete.
Rutland - -	Complete.
Salop - -	About a 5th part of this county (50 returns) wanting.
Somerſet - -	One-third of this county (above 140 returns) not included.
Southampton -	About 130 returns wanting. The clerk of the peace has ſent them back for amendment to the ſeveral pariſhes.
Stafford - -	Complete.
Suffolk - -	Twelve returns wanting.
Surry - -	Complete, except Worpleſdon and Guildford, wanting.
Suſſex - -	Above 150 returns wanting.
Warwick -	Complete.
Weſtmoreland -	Complete.
Wilts - -	One-ſeventh of this county (above 40 returns) wanting.
Worceſter -	Three returns wanting.
York, Eaſt Riding	About 12 returns wanting.
——, North Riding	Complete.
——, Weſt Riding	The Wapentake of Oſgoldneſs, and 35 other returns; in all 90 returns wanting.

WALES.

Counties Names.	*Inhabited Houſes.*	*Males.*	*Females.*	*Total of Perſons.*
Angleſey -				
Brecon - -	6,654	13,804	14,609	28,413
Cardigan -				
Carmarthen -	13,449	31,419	35,871	67,290
Carnarvon -				
Denbigh - -	11,637	27,081	28,734	55,815
Flint - -				
Glamorgan -				
Merioneth - -	5,787	13,896	15,610	29,506
Montgomery -				
Pembroke -	11,776	25,163	30,650	55,815
Radnor - -	3,675	9,347	9,703	19,050
	52,978	120,712	135,177	255,889

OBSERVATIONS.

Angleſey -	About half of this county returned.
Brecon - -	Twenty-five returns wanting. The clerk of the peace is endeavouring to procure them.
Cardigan -	Only two returns arrived from the whole county.
Carmarthen -	One return from the hamlet of Glynamon wanting.
Carnarvon -	No return yet tranſmitted.
Denbigh -	Six returns wanting.
Flint - -	About half this county returned.
Glamorgan -	Forty returns (about half the county) wanting.
Merioneth -	Complete.
Montgomery -	Nineteen returns (about one third of this county) wanting.
Pembroke -	Six returns wanting.
Radnor - -	Complete.

N. B. Six Welch counties too imperfect for inſertion, and above 30 returns wanting in the counties inſerted.

DESCRIPTION *of the* GIANTS' CAUSEWAY.

[From Dallas's Tranſlation of the Abbe Ordinair's Natural Hiſtory of Volcanoes.]

IT has been diſcuſſed, but never yet decided, whether there have been volcanoes in Ireland. There does not ſeem to be any other grounds for the affirmative than the exiſtence of the Giants' Cauſeway. The common people, ſtruck with the regularity of that immenſe object, judged it to be the work of men; and on account of the extraordinary ſtrength it muſt have required, they ſuppoſed thoſe men to have been giants. But why ſhould we be aſtoniſhed to find nature regular in great as well as in ſmall objects? Conſequently, in this cauſeway, as well as in the grains of the various ſalts, and in all the other ſmaller cryſtals? Allow this, and there is no farther occaſion to have recourſe, on this ſubject, either to the ſkill of man or to a race ſuperior to the preſent ſpecies.

This famous cauſeway is in the county of Antrim. It is a collection of columns regularly diſpoſed, each adapted to thoſe that are round it, ſo as to leave no vacancy in the whole. It extends viſibly without interruption about fourteen Engliſh miles, part on land and part in the ſea, where the end of it is by no means aſcertained, for it ſinks by degrees the farther it is traced under the water.

The

The regularity is not confined to the compoſition of the general pile, but deſcends to the formation of each column. The ſubſtance is throughout of the ſame nature; and is a ſpecies of marble of an iron-gray colour, with which the ancients were acquainted under the name of baſſaltes. This ſubſtance in its weight, durability, and colour, is very much like lava dug from the bottom of a quarry; which has induced many men to give the name of baſaltes to the currents of lava: a denomination I am not inclined to adopt, becauſe, not only the baſaltes, eſpecially that of the Giants' Cauſeway, is ſo compact, that the eye perceives no vacuity on its ſubſtance, whereas lava is evidently porous; but there is ſtill a much more eſſential difference between that and lava; for baſaltes has no mixture of any metal, and lava, on the contrary, particularly, that at the bottom, is always amalgamated. The denomination, nevertheleſs, ſeems generally admitted, with a diſtinction that has been introduced, of jointed, cryſtallized, or priſmatic baſaltes, and of not jointed or common baſaltes. Of courſe the lava muſt be of the latter kind.

The Giants' Cauſeway is all of jointed baſaltes; that is to ſay, firſt, that each column in it preſents ſeparately a regular ſolid body of three, four, five, and even ſo many as nine faces; but the figures moſt uſual are, the pentagonal, hexagonal, and heptagonal. The common height of the columns is forty feet above the ground; the depth below has not been inquired into, and the diameters are from a foot to two feet and a half. Secondly, that each column is compoſed of diſtinct pieces, the ſhape and dimenſions of which are always equal, and exactly fit the hollow, in the pieces adapted to receive the lengthened and rounded extremity of the piece which joins into it. Each of theſe pieces is nearly a foot; ſo that in general the height may be known from the number of pieces. Thirdly, that immediately next to a pillar in which the convex part is above the concave, one is frequently found that has all its joints directly the reverſe; that is to ſay, the concave parts are on the contrary above the convex. Theſe particulars are given in a diſcourſe on cryſtallization, by Doctor Alexander Eaton, in the Memoirs of the Literary and Philoſophical Society of Mancheſter.

The regularity of this admirable ſtructure goes even farther. There is a point where, in a ſinking of the height, fifty of theſe columns appear diſpoſed in ſuch a manner, that the higheſt, which is forty feet high, and has forty-four joints, ſtands in the centre, and the reſt, to the right and left of it, ſlope off gradudually till they meet the line on each ſide. From which appearance, that part has been called the organ-pipes.

There are other particularities in this cauſeway, which ſome may think intereſting; but I have confined myſelf to what ſeems to me ſufficient to give an idea of it. Two fine prints

were publiſhed by Mr. Drury, preſenting different views of the Giants' Cauſeway. Productions of a ſimilar kind are found in Merionethſhire, and in ſome of the Hebrides or Weſtern Iſles. Sir Joſeph Banks conjectures that the ſmall iſland of Staffa, one of the Hebrides, thirty leagues north of the Giants' Cauſeway, is a maſs of baſaltic priſms. They are to be found in many other places, but no where on ſo large a ſcale as in the county of Antrim.

ON HOPES *and* DISAPPOINTMENTS.

By the late Dr. Hugh Blair.

ON the lot of ſome men, Providence is pleaſed to beſtow a longer continuance of proſperity, than on that of others. But as the term of that continuance is hidden from us, all flattering and confident expectations are without foundation. At one period or another, it is certain that the calm is to be troubled, and the dark cloud is to ariſe; and how ſoon that period is to come, you cannot tell. In your health, or your fortune, or among your connexions or your friends, be aſſured ſome trial awaits you. For human life never ſtands ſtill for any long time. It is by no means a fixed and ſteady object, like the mountain or the rock, which you always find in the ſame ſituation; it is a river continually moving and flowing. Neither is it the ſtill and ſmooth ſtream, which glides along with the ſame conſtant tenor: but a river which for a time may hold a regular courſe within its banks, till, being interrupted by rocks, it foams into a torrent, or, ſwoln by foreign currents, it lays waſte the neighbouring plains. Amid ſuch viciſſitudes of time and life, who has any title to reckon upon the future? To faults, all are ſubject; to troubles, all are expoſed. As that man is the moſt virtuous who can be charged with the feweſt faults, ſo that life is the happieſt which ſuffers the feweſt troubles. To look for entire exemption from them is to court diſappointment——

In the cloſer connections which men form of intimate friendſhip and domeſtic life, there is ſtill more reaſon for due moderation in our expectations and hopes, for the nearer that men approach to each other, the more numerous the points of contact are in which they touch, the greater indeed will be the pleaſure of perfect ſymphony and agreements of feelings; but, at the ſame time, if any harſh and repulſive ſenſations take place, the more grating and pungent will be the pain.—If you look for a friend, or a partner of your life, in whoſe temper there is not to be found the leaſt inequality, who upon no occaſion is to be hurt or offended by any frailties you diſcover, whoſe feelings are to harmonize in every trifle with your's, whoſe countenance is always

always to reflect the image of your own, you look for a pleasing phantom, which is never, or, at most, very rarely, to be found; and if disappointment sour your mind, you have your own folly to blame. You ought to have considered that you live in a region of human infirmity, where every one has imperfections and failings. You assuredly have your own. What reason had you to imagine, that the person whom you love and esteem, was to be the only exception from the common fate?

It is my belief, that grateful sensations for favours received are very generally felt; and, when no strong passion counteracts those sensations, that grateful returns are generally intended, and often are actually made. But then, our expectations of proper returns must be kept within moderate bounds. We must not carry them so far as to imagine that gratitude is to produce unlimited compliance with every desire, which we choose to indulge; or that they whom we have obliged, will altogether desert their own interest for the sake of their benefactors. Many circumstances, it is to be remembered, tend to cool the grateful emotion. Time always deadens the memory of benefits. Sometimes they are considered as having been fully recompensed, and the debt of gratitude repaid. As benefits conferred are often under-rated by those who receive them, so they are sometimes overvalued by those who confer them. On persons of light and careless minds, no moral sentiment makes any deep impression; with such, the remembrance of both benefit and benefactor is apt to pass speedily away. With the proud spirit, which claims every thing as its due, gratitude is in a great measure incompatible. From persons of this character, we are never to expect it; and indeed from persons of any character we are not to be surprised, if, in the present state of the world, it rises not so high as we thought we had reason to hope.

The inequality of real happiness is not to be measured by the inequality of outward estate. When you see the peasant cheerful in his cottage, and the labourer singing in the fields, you may discern that there is some power in the mind superior to external condition; that more depends on the man himself than on the situation in which the world has placed him. Would you estimate justly the sum of happiness that he enjoys, or the degree of unhappiness that he feels? The questions you are to put, if the man be in prosperity, are not, how much wealth doth such a man possess? But, how does he enjoy it? If he be in adversity, not, what is his distress? But, how does he bear it?

LUDICROUS NOTICE.

THE following ludicrous notice was lately sent by a gentleman in the county of York, the tithe of whose garden is

demanded by the rector of the parish in which the gentleman at that time resided.

"*Notice to the Rector of O——— Parish.*

"A large fine dish of Battersea asparagus will be cut at O——— Hall, on Thursday next, the 4th of June, in order to celebrate his Majesty's birth-day, of which the rector is desired to take notice, that a proper person may be sent to take his tithe in kind.

"*O———, June* 2, 1801."

On the PREROGATIVES *of the* QUEEN.

THE statute-book says very little with regard to the rights of a queen. The 17th of Edward III. barely mention "le oor de la rcine," or, as it is commonly called "aurum reginæ." Prynne hath written an express treatise in quarto on this tax: it is not extraordinary that it should produce nothing, as it was the tenth part of what was voluntarily paid into the Exchequer.

There is a record of Richard II. which proves that this was an ancient right in every new acquired dominion. By the laws of Hoel Dda, the queen is most anxiously and particularly regarded; as one of the highest penalties of the whole code, is for killing her cat. There is a very ancient tax in France for providing the queen with pins; from whence the term of pin-money hath been undoubtedly applied by the English to that provision for married women with which the husband is not to interfere.

HIBERNIAN ELOQUENCE.

IN the House of Commons, lately, Mr. Martin, of Galway, said, the lamentation of gentlemen over the constitution, reminded him of one of those funerals in his own country, at which great, big *tears* and *sobs* might be *heard* and *seen* among the mourners, some of whom were probably the accessaries, or principals, in perpetrating the murder of the man who was going to his grave *(a laugh)*. He considered the minister in the situation of the captain of an East Indiaman. It was his duty to bring the ship home safe, and to guard against wear and tear; but, if that could not be done, if to save the *whole* cargo, he should be obliged to throw *half* of it overboard *(this produced a loud laugh)*;—yes, he maintained, if he was to throw the *whole* of it overboard, he should be indemnified for his conduct! *(Here a loud laughing, and the cry of Order, Order! immediately succeeded.)*

POETRY.

GENIUS.—*An* Ode.

Written by the Rev. Dr. Symmons, and recited by Charles Tweedie, Esq. at the Annual Meeting, held June 25, 1801, of the Society for eſtabliſhing a Literary Fund for the Relief of Men of Learning in indigent Circumſtances.

NOW guilt, ſubverſive of the plan
Of Heaven's ſupreme, had dimm'd the human ſcene;
And ignorance, with want, of haggard mien,
Had torn earth's ſceptre from the graſp of man.
In caves and woods the ſavage lay;
Or, preſs'd by hunger, chaſed his prey
O'er wilds, where nature mourn'd her fertile womb;
Where ſick air languiſh'd in the foreſt's gloom:
Where the pure ſtream, deſign'd to ſpread
Health and green vigour o'er the mead,
Slept in the poiſon-breathing fen,
And the ſhagg'd lion rul'd from his enſanguin'd den.

The Almighty ſaw diſhonour'd earth,
And pitying, call'd a power, who near his throne,
Before creation's glorious morning ſhone,
Before the ſtars ſaw time's myſterious birth,
Had held the mirror* to his ſight
Where nature, yet uncall'd from night,
Stood in bright portraiture before his eye,
Diſcloſ'd in all her hues and ſymmetry.
"Go, power!" the Sovereign ſpake, "repair
"To yon dim world, immers'd in air!
"Go with my following grace! diſplay
"Thy force in aid of man, and re-aſſert his ſway!"

The power of light obey'd:
And breaking from the ſapphire cloud
His wondrous form diſplay'd,
A rainbow arch'd his brow;
His body of celeſtial chryſolite,
Was ſtarr'd with eyes, that glow
With living flame, and make heaven's noon more bright.
The ſeraph train beneath his glance
Felt ſtronger inſpiration riſe:
New glories gild their holy trance;
And ampler viſions crowd their eyes.
He paſs'd; and thro' illumin'd ſpace,
Shot, thought-wing'd, to his deſtin'd place.
Earth laugh'd, in ſudden luſtre dreſs'd,
And welcom'd her empyreal gueſt.
He, with the favour'd human few retir'd;
Effac'd the low, re-built the towering aim;
Diſcloſ'd more brilliant day. The crowd admir'd
Great genius in his works, and hail'd with loud acclaim.

Full of the informing power, the ſage
Heaven's conſcious inſtrument to raiſe his kind,
Unlock'd

* An alluſion to the ſublime notion of Plato, that the creation had exiſted from eternity, as an image in a mirror in the mind of the Deity.

Unlock'd the treasur'd affluence of his mind,
And pour'd instruction on a barb'rous age.
Hark!—'tis Orpheus sweeps the strings!
Othrys and Hæmus, while he sings,
Send forth their sylvan brood: with strange delight,
They hear, they glow, they soften, they unite!
Each owns, beneath the yoke of laws,
The private and the public cause.
Forc'd by the master-mind's controul,
The savage grows to man, and feels a human soul.

By science taught, the plough-share's stroke
Wounded earth's russet breast; and o'er it roll'd
Redundant waves of vegetable gold;
While purple pleasure from the cluster broke.
Urg'd by the loom, the fleece supply'd
The robe of decency and pride.
The hamlet grew; at last the city rose;
Exulting show'd its streets extended rows:
Its fanes, its palaces, its marts:
The triumph of its foster'd arts:
Its breathing marbles, and the strife
Of mingling light and shade, which warm'd its walls to life.

But science, not confin'd
The toiling hand of art to guide,
Flash'd with bright stroke on every side;
And prov'd the sway of mind.
The aerial tongue of thought,
Embodied now, stood fix'd in form and place;
And the page, wisdom-fraught,
Bore its great lesson to an unborn race.
No more the meteor of an hour,
The sage a lasting light was seen;
Mind grew on mind with gath'ring power,
Tho' seas or ages roll'd between.
By genius rais'd, the exploring eye
Resolv'd the mazes of the sky:
And star-led now the glimmering sail
On world-wide waters caught the gale.
Till climes with climes, by commerce blended, meet;
And all that earth and sea and air afford
Is laid, as nature's tribute, at the feet
Of man, by genius crown'd, the world's unquestion'd lord.

Now days of power and wealth proceed,
Science and arts advance with kindling pace,
To throw on life its last purpureal grace:
And genius glories in its finish'd deed.
But soon he saw with rage and pain,
The damp cold portion of his train:
" Ah, thankless man," he cried, " shall pleasure's slave,
" The tool of avarice, and ambition's knave,
" Quaff sparkling fortune, while my few,
" By whom alone your empire grew,
" My musing sage, my nigh-rapt bard,
" Poor and uncherish'd fade, my smile their sole reward."

" And will not that suffice?" replied
A Heaven-sent voice. " Is genius yet to know
" How great the joys his favour can bestow?
" How little those which pamper sense and pride?
" Can the rich taste at pleasure's board,
" Can power's controul, or wealth's bright hoard,

" Give

" Give bliſs like thine? Ethereal fancy's play,
" In fields which glow with more than ſolar day.
" That world of mind ſublime, and free
" From miſts of low mortality,
" Where all the forms of beauty rove,
" Theſe thou canſt give on earth, and theſe God gives above."

But ſee yon rock-girt land,
Which ſpringing from the main, elate,
Seems deſtin'd for imperial fate,
And challenges command:
Albion its name. Lo: there
The ſons of mind ſhall taſte the common good,
Rais'd to a nation's care
By worth confeſs'd, and intereſt underſtood.
Then ſhall thy ſwelling breaſt ſubſide:
Pale want ſhall ceaſe to chill thy race;
The rich, the great, with patriot pride,
Shall fold them in a warm embrace.
The ſtandard, in one generous hand,
Shall wave its ſummons o'er the land:
And Albion's thronging ſons proclaim,
Their own and learning's cauſe the ſame.
Has learning foes? And would their arts confound
The foſtering, wiſe, and comprehenſive train?
The ſhip, ſea's lord, whom ſavage barks ſurround,
Unheedful of the ſlop, bears on with proud diſdain.

TO THE CURLEW.—A FRAGMENT.

Compoſed during a nocturnal Walk.

AND why, portentous bird! is now thy ſcream
Pointed directly to my liſt'ning ear?
To fill with optic forms my lonely way,
And, with imagination's active pen,
To draw freſh ſpectres to the buſy view.
Methinks I hear thee, with that horrid ſhriek,
Invite the whirlwind from its ſtill retreat;
Bid the wild tempeſt howl with furious roar,
And ſudden jarring ſeize the lower ſkies.
The mountain wave in fancy now I ſee,
White o'er with boiling foam, and daſhing rude
Againſt the batter'd cliffs that bound their ſway.
Nor theſe alone can ſerve; a proſpect ſtill
More diſmal to behold, a ſound more dire,
By fancy rais'd, now ſtrikes my wond'ring ſenſe:
High on the mountain wave the veſſel's toſt,
Then hurl'd all-furious down the briny ſteep,
Ready to ſink beneath the impetuous ſurge,
And daſhing rudely on the maſſy rock:
Loud ſhrieks of death divide the billow's roar,
That, like the thunder's voice, fullen, profound,
Reverberate along the wave-drench'd ſhore.
Wide opes the grave, fiercer's the tempeſt's rage,
Still more impetuous heaves the briny ſurge,
While ghaſtly ſpectres tread the foamy deep,
And deſolation glares with daunleſs mien:
Now down, impetuous as the mountain's fall,
She ſinks! She ſinks! Alas! to riſe no more:
A friend, a brother dies!

Uplyme. G. ENGLAND.